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POLARIS



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THE FORTY-FIFTH
ANNUAL
YEAR BOOK

Prepared by the Students

— OF —

North Bay Teachers' College

May, 1954

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Surcease

* * *

As swift as Mercury's winged feet,
As sure as Phoebus' daily chore,
A life goes on for one short hour,
Before the lightning hand of God.

Like shades, who waited Charon's bid,
We mourn the wind that wafts the soul
To harbour in another sphere,
That we, in future, shall behold.

For never in this world shall ope'
That pure, serene and tranquil scene,
That comes to those whose life has won
A surcease from this earthly way.

—SHIRLEY ROOKSBY.

North Bay Teachers' College



In Memoriam

On November 19th, 1953, the staff and students of the Teachers' College were saddened to learn of the sudden death of Mr. H. L. Bamford, A.T.C.M., Instructor in Music. Mr. Bamford had been engaged in his regular duties less than two days previously so his sudden passing was a great shock to his family and many friends.

Mr. Bamford was appointed to the staff of the North Bay Teachers' College in September, 1929, and hence was in his 25th year of service in the training of teachers. In addition to these duties, he also gave instruction in music in the public schools of the city, visiting each of the forty-five classrooms weekly.

During his entire teaching experience, Mr. Bamford gave efficient and conscientious service in preparing prospective teachers for their future duties. Many came with little or no background in his subject and with these students he was unsparing in his efforts to instill the necessary rudiments. To those with more experience or ability, he was an inspiration to develop their talents to the utmost. The high calibre of the instruction given in music by the teachers trained by Mr. Bamford, will furnish a lasting monument to his memory.

Mr. Bamford was of a kindly, generous disposition and each year was always well-liked and respected by the entire student body. He spent much time beyond his regular duties in training school choirs and in the preparation of operas and pageants. This provided not only valuable training for those participating but invariably most enjoyable experiences for the audience.

It is then with a deep sense of personal loss on the part of all who knew him that we record the passing of a faithful teacher whose life of service should be an inspiration to all of us.

E. C. BEACOM

North Bay Teachers' College



Greetings to North Bay Teachers' College

So greatly does the future of this country depend on the preparation of the teachers who are to instruct the pupils in the schools of Ontario that our Teachers' Colleges occupy a large place in the planning of the Department of Education.

You who are students in the North Bay Teachers' College are privileged to have, as I need scarcely remind you, instructors of the highest calibre who are most conscientious in the discharge of their duty towards you and who are also good examples whose attitudes you may well emulate.

There is such a shortage of elementary school teachers in Ontario, as in all English-speaking countries, that you are not likely to have any difficulty in obtaining good positions at excellent salaries. When you sign a contract with a Board of Trustees you undertake a great responsibility because it then becomes your duty and your privilege to exert every talent you have toward the production, by means of education, of intelligent, right-thinking, public-spirited, loyal, and religious citizens who will take their places in a very few years as citizens of the greatest and freest country in the whole world, the Dominion of Canada. To do this you must stress the fundamentals in education. Hard work and competition cannot, as some seem to think, be taken out of the schools as long as they are determining factors for success in life. You will work hard and your pupils will work hard but you will also have a good deal of fun and recreation and you will not confine your activities solely to the school but will be useful citizens in the communities in which you serve. You will have a great responsibility; you are now preparing yourselves to assume that responsibility. In that great endeavour you have my best wishes for abundant success.

—W. J. DUNLOP,
Minister of Education.

North Bay Teachers' College



A SCIENCE AND AN ART

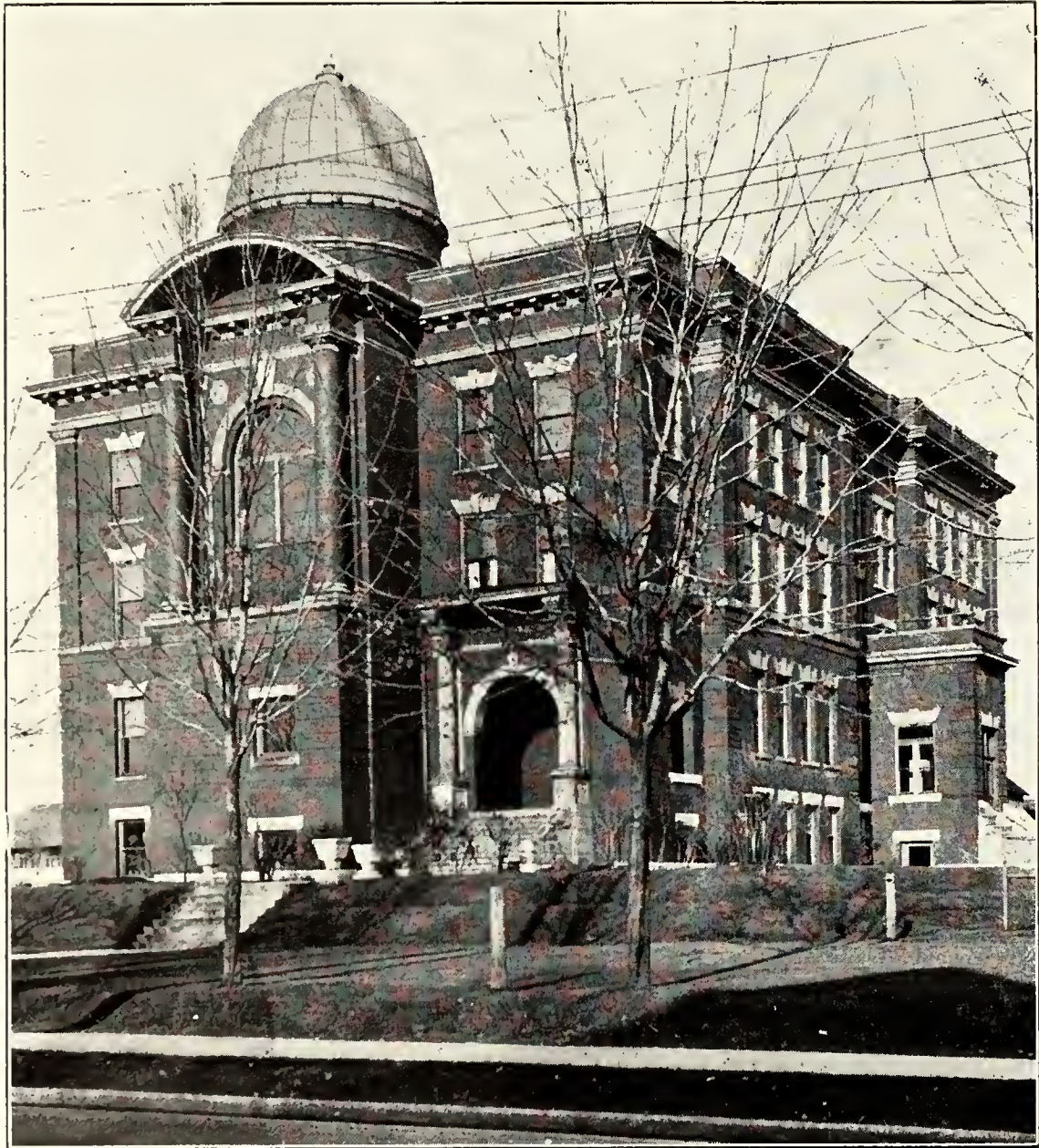
Teaching — real teaching — is a science and an art. At Teachers' College you have been chiefly concerned with the science and, while this concern will continue, you must soon give increased attention to the art. The children — the material with which you will work — constitute a medium which is difficult, complex and challenging. But the finished product, if moulded by the master-teacher, is "a thing of beauty, a joy forever".

No one can instruct you in the art of teaching. It is an intangible thing compounded of intelligence, knowledge, interest, understanding and enthusiasm. Like any art it demands devotion of the practitioners — constant attention to detail, long-continued self-critical practice and above all, the will to succeed. A master craftsman must serve a long apprenticeship.

As you practise the science and art of teaching in your own classrooms, the technique you develop will be a personal thing. My best wishes for your success go with you in the full expectation that your service will be at once worthy of you and of the profession of which you are a member.

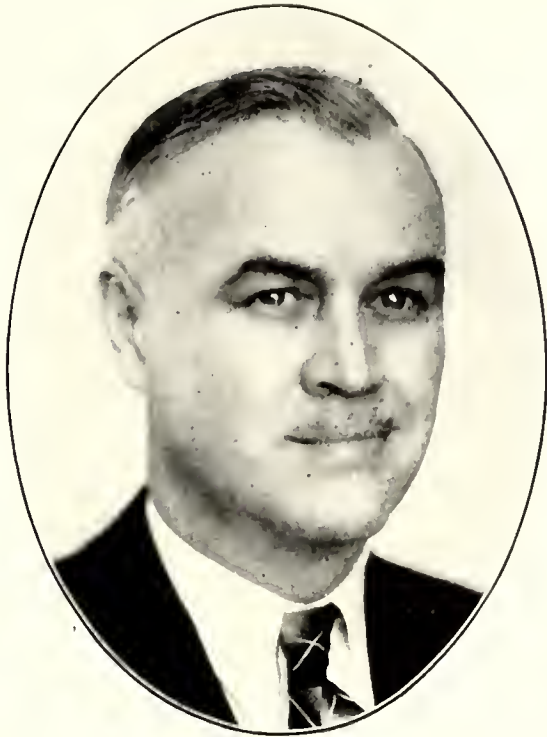
F. S. RIVERS,
Superintendent of Professional Training

North Bay Teachers' College



North Bay Teachers' College

North Bay Teachers' College



The Principal's Message . . .

In the development during the last half century, of the resources of Northern Ontario, a great part has been played by people who came from various European countries. These, dissatisfied with conditions in their native lands, sought new freedom and opportunity in the New World. It is from such stock that many who attend this Teachers' College, have sprung. The Year Book of the 1954 class portrays many aspects of the contributions made by these various ethnic groups to the important place now held by this area in the national life of Canada.

During recent years, there has again been an increasing influx to Northern Ontario of New Canadians. This has presented an assimilation problem, which must be solved by our schools if our national characteristics are to be preserved. To you as beginning teachers an outstanding challenge is thus presented. In your classrooms it will be your duty to resolve the various elements into a coherent group. This will confront you with an opportunity to emphasize the best contributions that can be made by the divergent cultures represented, and to develop a common core of mutual respect, toleration and respect for the freedoms in which we believe. As you achieve these ends, so will in large degree, your contribution to the development of a better national life and outlook, be measured.

E. C. BEACOM

North Bay Teachers' College



"POLARIS" EXECUTIVE

Standing—Ensio Eskelin (Bus. Mgr.), June Murr, Theresa Stump, Shirley Tayler, Mr. A. R. MacKinnon (Staff Advisor),
Maris O'Connor, Eleanor Wharton, Joan Bowman, Lee Boldt (Art Ed.), Marilynne Hawkins, Rita Fassina,
Miss E. Mitchell (Staff Advisor).

Seated—Jean Bruce, Robert Knights (Editor-in-Chief), Joan Allen, Vera Radoman.

Editorial

"Forsan et hanc olim meminisse iuvabit."

In the words of the Roman poet, "Now it is pleasing to remember those things of former times." The year has now drawn to a close. For us the year at North Bay Teachers' College has been a new and different adventure. The Year Book Executive has worked hard to portray memories we cherish, and to present the challenge we are about to encounter.

The first section of our book shows the members of our student body. In the fall, we entered the school as teen-agers, eager to succeed but not realizing the many responsibilities of a teacher. A few short months later we are prepared to step into the world as professional people—still eager, but now realizing our responsibilities.

How has this change come about? Most of our learning has been through hard work, but we have also gained attitudes and knowledge through our recreation in clubs, organizations, and social activities. The work of the Staff, Practice School Teachers and the Clergy has taught us the essential characteristics of a well-prepared teacher.

The final section of the book presents the challenge—becoming a teacher. By stories, poetry and anecdotes, this section portrays many of the nationalities represented in Northern Ontario. Our task as teachers is the moulding of these different ethnic groups of pupils into strong, future citizens of Canada.

Not only does the Year Book provide us with a recollection of our year's training, it also reminds us of the great responsibility we have shouldered for the future. The degree of success that we shall achieve will be dependent upon ourselves.

BOB KNIGHT,
Editor-In-Chief.

North Bay Teachers' College

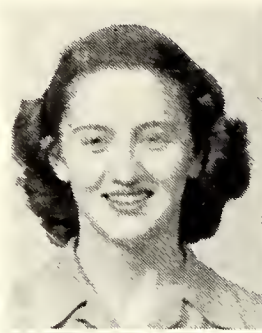
WHO . . . ?



North Bay Teachers' College

MARJORIE ADAMS

Our first lady keeps tabs on our comings and goings. This bowling whiz has no scruples about standing a "Guy" up for a week.



JOAN AKEHURST

Head and shoulders above the rest, Joan was our choice for a Toronto trip. Her dramatic roles include Santa Claus, the Muffin Man and Little Tommy.

JOAN ALLEN

Joan amazed residents of North Bay when she first stepped off the train with a gigantic "Terry" Bear under her arm. She has continued to amaze us with her raised eyebrow, humour and her original asbestos model "A Flynnigan."



PAULA ANDERSEN

Our secretary-treasurer of the Athletic Society is not as quiet as she seems. She prefers hockey to dancing which probably accounts for her frequent trips to Timmins.

PEGGY ARMSTRONG

Irish Peg, a delegate to Toronto, is our Good Humour Girl. This trusty Red Cross treasurer helped raise the dome. Frequent air mails keep her dreams of returning to Ireland.



NORMA BRAMAN

Norma is one of our clever few; On October tenth she married her Stu. While donning socks she keeps her smile. As wife and teacher she'll be worthwhile.

RUBY BARNES

This petite miss, with the flashing eyes and quick smile, hails from Sundridge. She is usually associated with the names "Rudolph" and "George."



MARILYN BARTLETT

Marilyn likes sports and is a volleyball and bowling enthusiast. She enjoys teaching and she and her numerous house-mates must have a riotous time together.

JEAN BRILLINGER

Latchford's contribution to our flock. Small, dark and quiet, Jean enjoys skiing and teaching.



JEAN BRUCE

This girl first became famous for her ridiculous riddles. (Why does a mouse when it spins?), her "concrete" material and her hidden musical ability which was brought forth in her lively pitch-pipe renditions.

LOLA BULL

This girl hails from Geraldton (no other place in the world). She is one of our bowling experts. She's always laughing, never serious, and taught an expert music lesson on "Wind, wind, wind the bobbin."



SUE BURTON

Sometimes happy,
Sometimes blue,
That's the gal we know as Sue.
If she wins the pupils,
As she wins her beans,
She'll keep her class
Well on their toes.

North Bay Teachers' College

CATHERINE CAMERON

This tall, blond, dignified school-marm hails from P. A. And with all of her laughter and jokes keeps us gay. What goes on at recess, Cath?



BEVERLY CAMPBELL

A North Bay girl who spends her holidays in Indiana, U.S.A. Her prize possession is a fraternity pin. Bev's pastime is quizzing the Masters.

ONA CASEY

Our wood-working expert has an astounding interest also in Home Economics. Well, motivation does stimulate learning!



BARBARA CHRISTANSON

Our quiet and pleasant scholarship winner is a capable basketball player as well as a good teacher. Also a bell-ringing expert after her stay in Kearney.

NORMA CHURCHILL

Mrs. Churchill from Dwight Plans concrete material day and night. Although she likes each grade and age. Kindergarten is her main rage.



MARGARET COOK

Marg patronizes the railway quite often on week-ends. They tell me she's quite a card. Those who have seen her at work know she is an excellent teacher.

MURIEL CROSS

Muriel is another native of Fort William. By the sense of humour she displays around the school we gather that she won't live up to her last name in the classroom.



LUCILLE DION

Lucille's home and interests are in Fort William. She was our group representative on the first term executive. Her assets are a lovely voice and leadership ability.

LORRAINE DONALDCHUK

Geraldton claims this lively, petite miss. Her chief interests are art, sports, and long distance calls.



SHIRLEY DRAKE

Quiet as she may sometimes seem, Our Shirley is quite on the beam. For getting dates, she rivals Lacombe. And we hear there is someone waiting back home.

FRANCES DUMONTELLE

Frances is a real heart winner and a "tops" when it comes to executive ability. Our good will ambassador for Sudbury is convinced there is beauty in "them there rocks."



CATHERINE DUNN

One from the 'Bay is Cathy Dunn, A little miss who's full of fun. And don't try under-rating Her acting or debating.

North Bay Teachers' College

JOAN EWING

Joan is noted for a beautiful singing voice and her accordion playing. This Parry Sound girl has tall interests in North Bay.

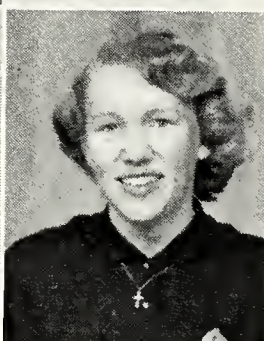


RITA FASSINA

Our gal "Cuddles", one of the four musketeers, is known for her slow dazel, her completed assignments, the trail of broken hearts she leaves behind her and her ability at identifying jet planes.

ESTHER FIELD

She is a very quiet girl and from her contributions to our classes we know she will make a worth-while contribution to the profession.



LEONORE FIFE

Our blonde from Kenora is famous for her work and the special Christmas gift she received. She enjoys primary teaching, skating and "hen-gabs" with the other three musketeers.

RITA GAUGHAN

A member of the second term Students' Council. She has that light, clear voice that makes pupils' ears perk up and listen.



HELEN GROOM

Helen hails from great old Timmins. The toren that's so in style, She's always ready with ideas, And wears a big, good-natured smile.

BINNIE HAMILTON

Our blonde-haired lass from Lockerby, Is musically inclined, that's plain to see. Our first term secretary soon hopes to be A teacher of children in the primary.

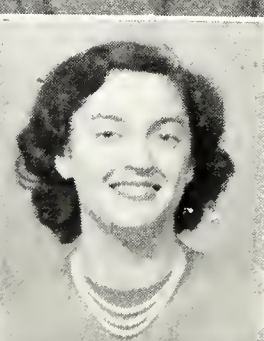


MARILYNNE HAWKINS

She's a fair slender Miss of a southern toren, Huntsville. It is there her main interest lies, "the Jack of this Jill". Art, music and horses make her life worthwhile, And this girl has no enemy with her winning smile.

MIENO HEIKKILA

The girl with a smile in her voice, Obliging to whatever's the choice, Athletics, in general are her forte. She really excels on the basketball court.



MARIAN HOLMES

Tall, dark and pretty, Marion hails from Quebec. She can "parlez-francais" like no one we've met. Because of good humour, wit and great skill We're all very much in her debt.

MEIMI HUTTUNEN

Meimi's the gal with all the charm, Her winsome smile is shared by all. When grouped together she sees no harm In cracking a joke to amuse us all.



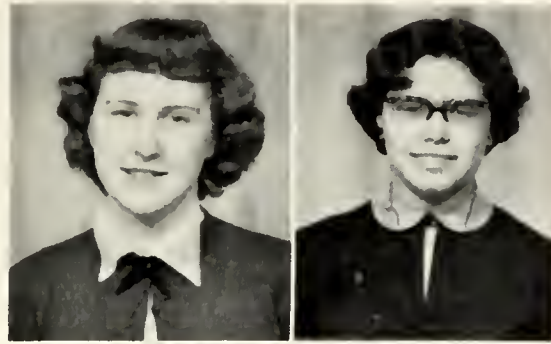
SALLY HYATT

Sally Hyatt hails from Emo and is one of the quiet girls who is always ready to do her part. She loves all types of sports.

North Bay Teachers' College

HELEN JOHNSON

*Quiet, sweet and a friendly lass,
She always has answers ready for
class,
Works hard at this task of teaching
school,
And is full of fun as a general rule.*

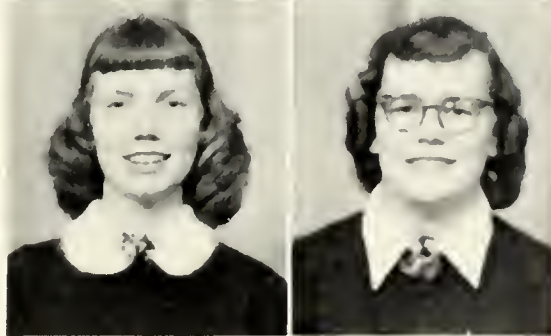


BERNICE KATZ

*"Bernie" is one of the smallest girls
in Group Two. Her size doesn't in-
terfere with her appetite. Always is
bright and cheerful. Probable desti-
nation — music supervisor in Fort
Frances.*

BARBARA KEENAN

*She Group Two's representative
In council that is true,
But better still is her smile,
For friends both old and new.*



DIANE KEENAN

*Diane our choice of Form Two rep.
Is always on the go;
Her interest is in diamond drilling
Although the mails are slow.*

LILLIAN KLINER

*Because of her humour
And good disposition,
We hope that in teaching
She'll reach high position.*



LOIS KNIGHT

*Here's a gal with a quiet smile
And a cunning little way.
She'll call an assembly for the entire
school
Just any old time of the day.*

GRACE KREGER

*Grace's our gal from way out in the
west,
She naturally thinks Rainy River's
the best.
Not content to sit in her own little
nest,
She states firm opinions to all the
rest.*



EMILY KRZANOWSKI

*Through the year our class she led,
Active in clubs, sports and Phys. Ed.
She also has proven she's very well-
read
There are plenty of brains in that
pretty head.*

PAULINE LACOMBE

*With her bubbling character and
lively smile
In teaching she's sure to go many a
mile.
If efforts any measure,
She surely is a treasure.*



DINAH LANGILLE

*Dinah, our girl from Copper Cliff,
makes us aware of the fact that Sud-
bury is the suburb of her town. Full
of pep and vitality, she is very active
in school work.*

EVA ANN LINDER

*With Group Two she took her stand
To be a teacher do or die.
Her pleasant smile is surely grand,
In our books she's ranking high.*



HELEN LINDQUIST

*Our subtle-witted girl from the North
Almost every week-end goes back
and forth.
We don't know what her interests
are
But they must be great, for her home
is far.*

North Bay Teachers' College

LOIS LING

Group Two's rhythmic artist is the girl with the key-board charm. Remember Carton Top? Dingie for short, she is truly a bubbling gal.



DIANNE LOCKIE

Our pert little Miss from the Delnite, Her presence at parties is a delight, True-blue interests to a sailor boy, Don is getting Group Two's pride and joy.

RUTH MAYCOCK

Ruth's diminutive stature is no sign Of any lack of sparkle or shine; For from her sunny smile each day, To each of us comes a shining ray.

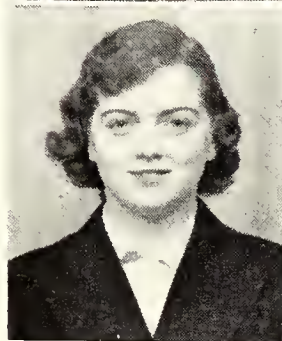


PATRICIA McEWEN

Pixy-like and petite, Pat hails from McKeller, Whatever possessed Pat to name her skunk Lorill?

RITA McNAMARA

Of all the sports it is her contention That hockey deserves real honourable mention, As to cities it is her opinion That Sudbury ranks first in the Dominion.



EILEEN MONTGOMERY

Good-hearted Eileen, Our strawberry blonde, Has a voice of authority And an urge to be gone.

JUNE MURR

The sweet soprano of our college, And master of the greatest knowledge, Her sparkling smile which makes us gay, Will send June far along the way.

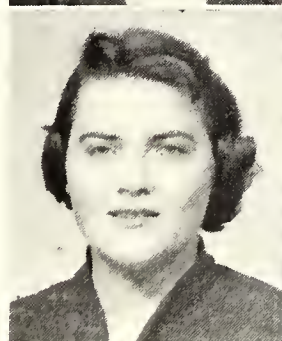


MARGARET NEILL

Our excitable Maggie, Always in a stew, Noted for her sea-green eyes, And her poetry-reading too.

MARIS O'CONNOR

At the school there's a lassie named Maris, Who used to reside in Ferris, Is she smart? I should say, In a different way, Why she really belongs to Paris.

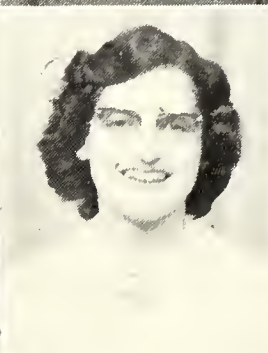


BETTY ANN PAYNE

Her sterling qualities endear her to our clan, Up at the Fort she has one ardent fan, Good luck, good health to our Betty Ann!

SHIRLEY PEARCE

Just call on her when you need aid, And her close friendship you have made, Always smiling, a real good pal, Especially interested in a guy named Al.



ELLA PETERS

Dark hair, a radiant smile Small, pert, and lively all the while, Always seen in the midst of a crowd Wouldn't you say she'd make Fort Frances proud?

North Bay Teachers' College

ROBERTA POLLOCK

*Another friendly Northerner,
Roberta, that's our pal.
She comes from old Szeastika,
A cute, pert, vivacious gal.*



EDITH PRICE

*A pianist, an artist,
And a gal who's very nice,
When combined together into one
That's our classmate, Edith Price.*

GENEVIEVE QUILTY

*Gen's no feet blanket,
In the gay twenties she'd do fine,
It's not that she's old fashioned
But she does the Charleston all the
time.*



VERA RADOMAN

*Laughing eyes and sunny smile
She knows life is worthwhile,
She's magazine rep. and a very good
sport,
As a teacher we're sure, she'll be the
best sort.*

HELEN REYUS

*From Fort Frances she came to rule
As student rep. in our school.
With sunny smile and happy song,
Helen's teaching can't go wrong.*



SHIRLEY ROOKSBY

*Shirley hails from Porcupine,
Her sense of humour's very fine.
We like her lots and think she's fun,
Here's luck for her in years to come.*

SONJA SAMPLEY

*Here is to a clever girl,
Who boasts the first name Sonja.
If we're ever in Fort William,
We'll not forget to phone you.*

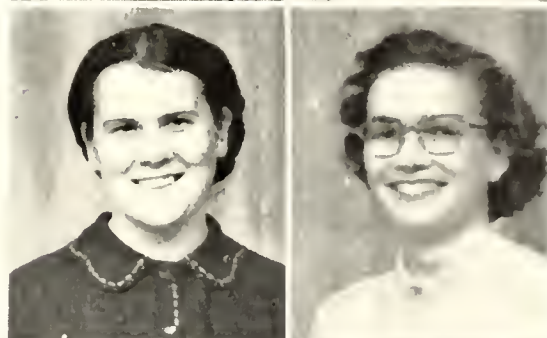


VERNA SHARP

*Sharp:—a most appropriate name
For such a clever Miss.
The youngest teacher in our group,
And a pianist, with all this.*

LOIS SHORT

*Lois comes from Massey,
It was our gain, their loss,
She's a most efficient member
Of our "Thumbs Up" Junior Red
Cross.*



LILLIAN SMITH

*Lil is from South River,
We like her ready smile,
She'll be a really big success
In a very short while.*

BERNICE STEELE

*She's on the Students' Council,
In Drama Club as well,
She'll write the valedictory
Because we think she's swell.*



SHIRLEY TAYLOR

*Shirley Taylor's from the Soo,
She excels in basketball,
She's terrific as a student,
She's really on the ball.*

North Bay Teachers' College

EVONA TONOFF

*From Porcupine, old Porcupine,
Evona south did go
To teach to every boy and girl
Her doh, rah, me, fah, soh.*

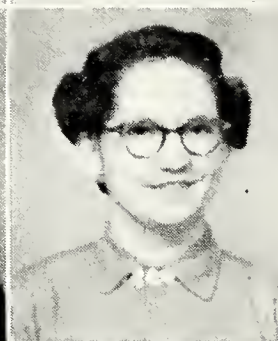


LENA VISENTIN

*Lena has a poodle cut,
Dark eyes, and a sunny smile,
Her sparkling personality
Makes knowing her worthwhile.*

DIANA WALBERG

*Diana comes from Sudbury,
She's blonde and really cute,
Besides this, she's a real good pal,
With character to boot.*



JOY WEIR

*Tinkling fingers over the keys,
Joy's music flows with melodious
ease.
From Timmins, the Gold City of the
North,
To the teaching profession she is
going forth.*

MAUREEN WEST

*Maureen, a green-eyed friendly gal,
We'll miss her when we're through,
But you can find this pedagogue,
By calling at the Soo.*

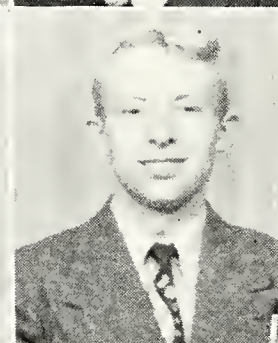


ELEANOR WHARTON

*Eleanor has winning ways,
A shy and happy smile.
With such assets,
We place our bets
Her life will be worthwhile.*

SYLVIA WITO

*Sylvia comes from Timmins,
We like her kindly ways,
As Red Cross secretary
Capability she displays.*

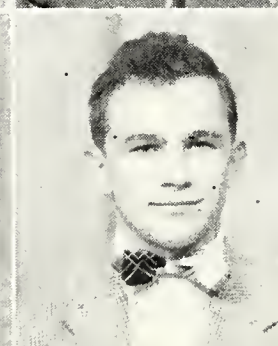
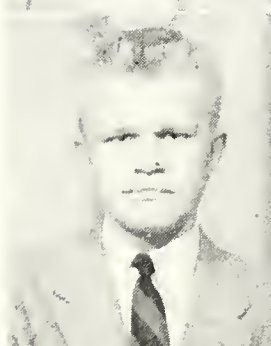


LEE BOLDT

*When the train hoots and the north
wind blows
To Temagami, our brave Lee goes.
Though neither Raphael or Galileo,
Lee's Teachers' College Renaldo.*

ENSIO ESKELIN

*Ensio is a Northerner,
He's Film Group President,
On making sure of everything
His efforts all are bent.*

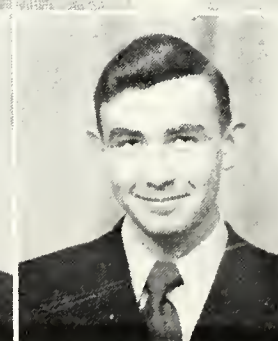


ROBERT KNIGHTS

*Fort William must be very proud,
To claim him as a son.
His outgoing personality,
Makes him liked by everyone.*

JOHN KOMAR

*Timmins gives us this young man,
Whose many talents have unbounded
span,
Though John's playing cutthralls us
thus,
His violin's not a Stradivarius.*



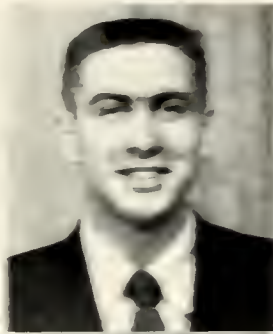
GUY O'BRIEN

*Fort William's guy, O'Brien,
As a teacher is rated quite high,
Our Junior Red Cross
Would suffer a loss
If it weren't for hard working Guy.*

North Bay Teachers' College

DANIEL FUZZIEN

Put Arthur's name in Boston
The reason you will see
He's great success as graduate
When running for T. C.



EDWARD ROBERTS

Ed's name is Robinson
But really goes by that
His parents are married
In a great school in Kent

OLIVE MCWILL

Oliver name was from Hamilton
They really love a lot
Alma's name, but making up
That's really for the lot



CAROL REED

Carol's the name of the
In fact with her name, Carol
She's a great girl, making up
For her personality

TWO-YEAR COURSE



BOB BROWN

Bob's name is Brown, but he's not
In fact, he's a great boy
He's a great boy, making up
For his personality

JOAN BOWMAN

Joan's name is Bowman, but she's not
In fact, she's a great girl
She's a great girl, making up
For her personality



ANNE CROWLEY

Anne's name is Crowley, but she's not
In fact, she's a great girl
She's a great girl, making up
For her personality

KATHLEEN TRAINER

Kathleen's name is Trainer, but she's not
In fact, she's a great girl
She's a great girl, making up
For her personality



RACHEL FENNEL

Rachel's name is Fennell, but she's not
In fact, she's a great girl
She's a great girl, making up
For her personality

MARGARET CYLLAPONE

Margaret's name is Cyllapone, but she's not
In fact, she's a great girl
She's a great girl, making up
For her personality



CHARLES HITE

Charles's name is Hite, but he's not
In fact, he's a great boy
He's a great boy, making up
For his personality

North Bay Teachers' College

JOAN HORIE

*There is a gal we all know well,
Who likes a little bus.
And who can blame her, when we
know
It's driven by her Russ.*



DONNA HORNIBROOK

*Basketball, dancing, and radio too
Are some of the things that she can
do.
Donna is a Burks Falls' Miss,
Teaching will surely be her bliss.*

BETTY JAMES

*Dark hair, dark eyes,
Always on the go.
In her teaching to heights she'll rise.
This Red Cross member has much to
show.*

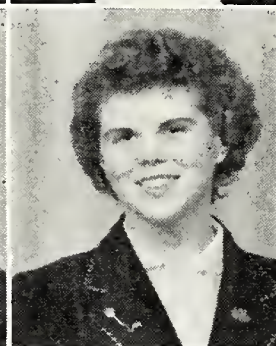
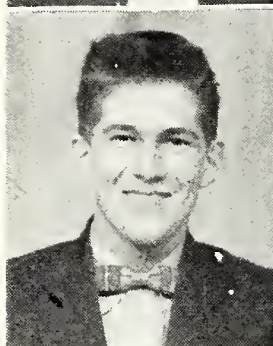


STELLA KIERSTA

*Here's a person full of fun,
Her interests are everything under the
sun.
A is the letter that suits her tests —
Coniston sent us one of the best.*

MURRAY LEACH

*Not only in Geography does he shine,
But in ping pong and bowling he does
fine.
His sense of humour in every class,
Does surely tickle every lass.*

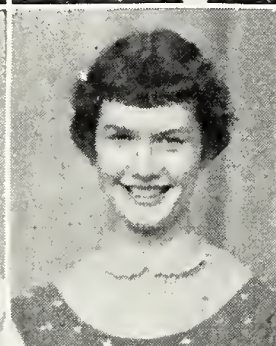


SHIRLEY LECLAIR

*Here is another Coniston girl,
Who enjoys her teaching, even the
rural.
Original in action and in thought,
In future years she'll be highly sought.*

CLAIRE LEE

*This French Miss hails from
Callendar,
She studies 'neath Polaris Star.
She comes in from her home each
day.
We class her as being very gay.*

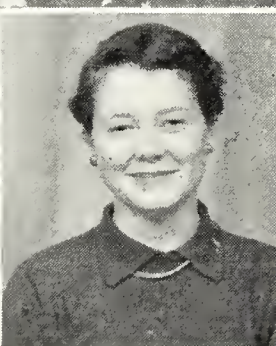


SHIRLEY MARSH

*Pretty and trim,
Tall and slim,
Is Shirley Marsh from Timmins.
She does very well in all her tests
And North Bay's all her interest.*

NORMA PROTOMANNI

*Norma is a Timmins gal —
To all in the school, she's a pal.
Sports will bring this girl her fame;
Primary grades will do the same.*

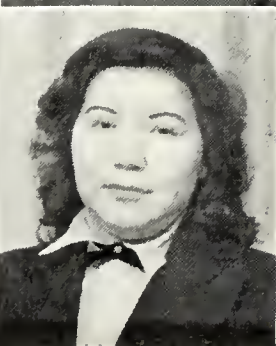


MARY ANN STEVENSON

*Although very quiet while in class,
She does well, this little lass.
She, to us, is a prize possession.
This certainly is the right profession.*

THERESA STUMP

*From Whitefish Falls hails this lass,
A worthy addition to our class.
Pert, pretty and popular too,
Amazing are the things she'll do.*



YVONNE TRUDEAU

*To us from Spanish came this lass
She's a willing member in our class.
Her maps in Geography are very well
done —
She's a Friendly person to everyone.*

North Bay Teachers' College

HOW . . . ?



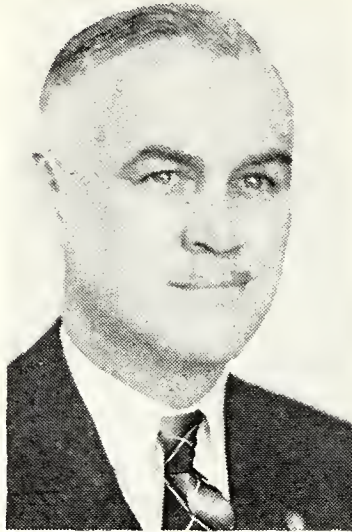
North Bay Teachers' College

Staff



MISS E. MARTIN, M.A., B.Paed.

Master
Primary Methods,
Religious Education.



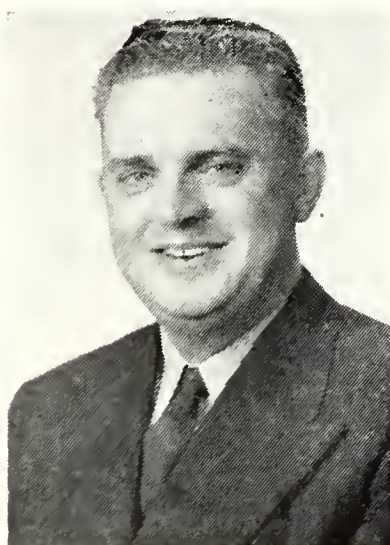
MR. E. C. BEACOM, B.A., B.Paed.

Principal
Science, School Management.



MRS. J. IRWIN, B.A., B.Paed.

Master
Art, Social Studies



MR. J. D. DEYELL, B.A., B.Paed.

Master
General Methodology,
School Management,
Mathematics



MR. A. R. MacKINNON, M.A.

Master
Psychology,
English.

North Bay Teachers' College



MISS E. MITCHELL, B.A.
Mus. Bacc. M.S.
Librarian
School Library Service
Children's Literature



MRS. G. FROUD, B.A.
Instructor
Music



MR. A. B. REED,
Instructor
Crotch,
Health



MISS A. JOHNSON,
Instructor
Home Economics



MISS S. STANLEY, B.A.
Master
Physical Education



MISS K. AUGUSTINE
Secretary

North Bay Teachers' College



RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTORS

Rev. H. Bridge, Dr. J. Semple, Rev. F. Stymiest, Rev. A. Hancock,
Rev. P. Cavanagh, Rev. C. Large, The Late Rev. G. Herbst.

TO OUR RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTORS

We recall with deep sorrow the passing of the Rev. G. Herbst early in the school year. His wise counsel was sadly missed. We record our grateful appreciation to all our religious instructors for their kindness and skilled guidance. May we be worthy of the task they have placed upon our shoulders.



MAINTENANCE STAFF

Mr. H. Chambers, Mr. J. Donaldson,
Mrs. D. Avery, Miss G. Godin.

TO THE MAINTENANCE STAFF

The 1953-1954 students of the Teachers' College appreciate the co-operation of the Maintenance Staff. Mrs. Avery and Miss Godin have kept our college at a peak of shining cleanliness. Mr. Donaldson has spent many hours keeping the school comfortably warm. Who can grow flowers better than our Mr. Chambers? They certainly made our classrooms decidedly gay. For this and many other kindnesses, we extend to the Maintenance Staff our warmest thanks.

North Bay Teachers' College

Practice School Teachers

Urban Schools

Miss E. Munns
Mrs. G. Barringer
Miss D. Nichols
Mrs. T. Nichol
Miss K. Sage
Miss H. Willoughby
Miss N. Deneau
Miss E. Mitchell
Mr. R. McKee
Mr. L. Phillips
Mrs. M. Beardsall
Mrs. Y. White
Mrs. H. Loucks
Mrs. M. MacDonald
Miss A. Christakos

Miss M. Thompson
Miss B. Ship
Miss M. Sage
Mr. J. O. Nugent
Miss M. Forrest
Mr. H. McClements
Miss M. Ceresia
Mrs. P. Campbell
Mr. A. Bowers
Miss E. O'Hara
Mrs. F. Wallace
Mr. A. Schmidt
Mrs. G. Deyell
Mrs. F. Coburn

Miss D. Davis
Mrs. A. Pritchard
Mr. R. Grant
Mr. R. Lehman
Miss L. St. Louis
Miss H. Sheppard
Mrs. N. Milligan
Miss D. Leflar
Miss M. Gleeson
Miss M. McNulty
Miss L. McNaughton
Miss A. McLennan
Miss C. Booth
Miss A. K. Latimer
Miss H. Joyce

Rural Schools

Mrs. V. Shortreed
Miss Joan Summers
Mr. Geo. Knox
Mrs. C. Hanson
Mrs. Joan Anderson

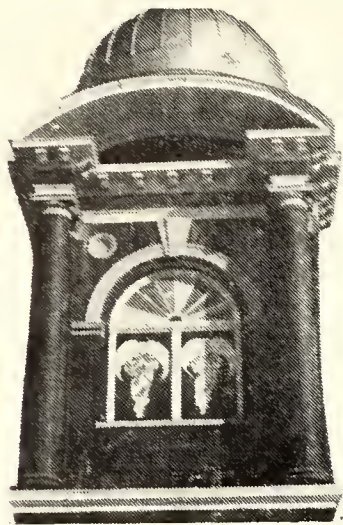
Mr. L. Lang
Mrs. M. Hammond
Mr. J. Proudfoot
Miss M. White
Mrs. K. Gaudaur

★ ★ ★

TO THE PRACTICE SCHOOL TEACHERS

We came to you in October, 1953, eager, but most inexperienced. You gave to us your time, your patience, your understanding and your knowledge so that we might join you in the teaching profession. For all you did for us, we express our thanks.

North Bay Teachers' College



DOMEFOUNDED — 1954

My name's Penelope. I'm a pigeon. In my rarer moments, though, I rather consider myself a bird of the world. You see, I live at the North Bay Teachers' College — pardon me, **on** the Teachers' College.

I've watched these students since September and have grown quite fond of them. They take several subjects such as Science, Social Studies, English and several others. Some subjects such as Educational Psychology and School Management are to make them good teachers.

When the first lesson assignments were handed out, we birds felt so sorry for the students. Scared! They were worse than some of those fluttery swallows. It took them hours to make out a lesson plan. They had butterflies in their stomachs when they got up in front of the class, I'll bet.

We laughed when the students went to the country for a week. Some of them had never been out of the city before. Most of them were experts with a hay fork when they got back.

Sudbury was a change too. They all came back with their pockets loaded with ore and with fine ideas about central school libraries. That week holds fond memories for all.

Like a dark cloud hovering over every Friday were those — those exams! Yes, without fail, there were exams every Friday. Noon hour, on that particular day, saw everyone deep in a book — last minute cramming.

There were special courses too; for instance, the first aid course. One could surely get twisted up in those slings. Also there was shop work for the girls. It led to an epidemic of adhesive tape, located mostly on the hands. A man came for three days to teach about alcohol. We couldn't see that the students were quite that daft.

Altogether, to hear them talk, they have enjoyed themselves and we hope that they will make the best teachers ever!

—PENELOPE PIGEON

MACBETH — ON LIFE AT TEACHERS' COLLEGE

On doing assignments:

"Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow."

After doing finger painting:

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

Before a class for the first time:

"Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier and afeard!"

What we hope the practice teacher will say about us:

"He hath been so clear in his great office."

At 8:45:

"The bell invites me."

Heard from last year's Normalites:

". . . strange screams . . . And prophesying with accents terrible."

After a practice teacher has sent in a horrid report:

"There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face:

He was a gentleman on whom I built

An absolute trust."

At exam time:

"Had I but died an hour before this chance."

First lesson:

"It is a tale

"Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing."

When a book is lost from the library:

"Thou canst not say I did it."

Teaching partners at the end of enterprise week:

"Two spent swimmers"

Gum chewing:

" and munch'd and munch'd and munch'd"

Concrete material:

"Here I have a pilot's thumb"

The optimistic student-teacher:

"Come what come may

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

To the Masters:

"More is thy due than more than all can pay."

The pigeons:

"No jutting, frieze,

Buttress, nor coin of vantage, but this bird

Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle."

Advice to the worrying student-teacher:

"Consider it not so deeply."

On being late:

"Was it so late friend, ere you went to bed."

The Enterprise:

"Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!"

At recess in the Common Room:

"A light, a light!"

On going home on Friday:

"I take my leave of you:

Shall not be long but I'll be here again."

On the stuffed specimens:

"All these are portable"

On consultations:

"Such welcome and unwelcome things at once

Tis hard to reconcile."

Our plea after two full weeks of lectures:

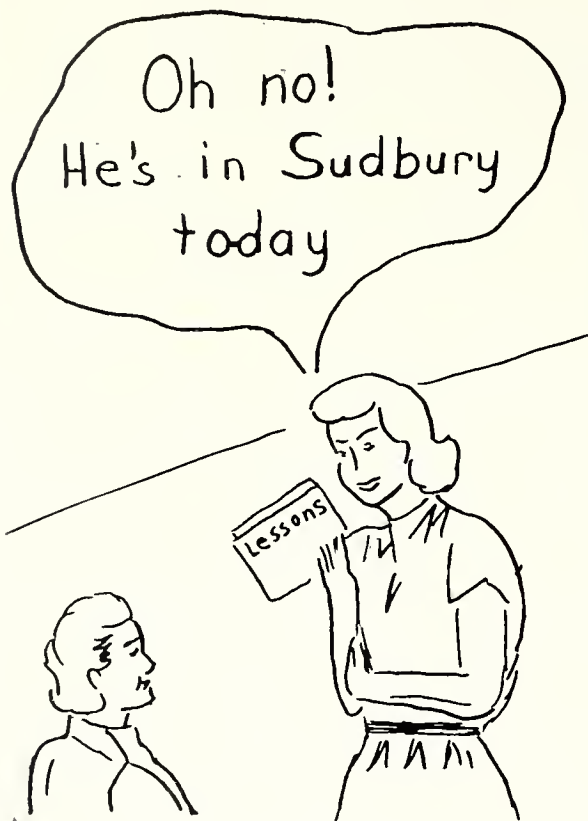
"No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that"

—BERNICE STEELE

At Work...



North Bay Teachers' College



THE MASTER

(WITH DUE APOLOGIES TO EDGAR ALLAN POE)

Once upon a morning dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many an uninspiring volume of forgotten lore;
While I nodded, far from napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping — rapping at my classroom door.
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my classroom door;

Just a master, nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was talking, and so gently you came walking,
And so faintly you came knocking — knocking at my classroom door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you," then I opened wide the door:—

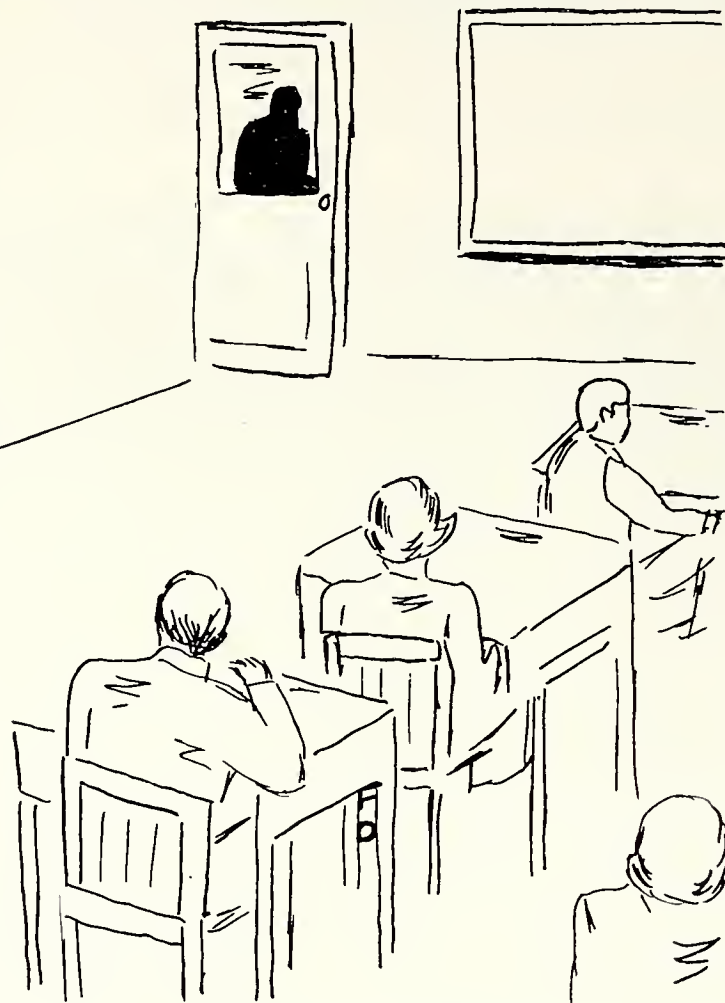
Master there, and nothing more.

Back into the schoolroom turning, eggs and toast within me churning,
Watched the master check my plan book and sit down beside the door.
Back up to the front I fluttered, while the class before me muttered,
Anxiously I asked some questions; class was duller than before.

Silence there, and nothing more.

Finally the lesson ended — sooner far than I'd intended,
And I faced the master's comments (though such moments I abhor;)
Nothing daunted by his theory that my manner made them weary
I inquired if he'd observe me on the morrow as before.
Quoth the master, "Nevermore!"

—JOAN AKEHURST



SCHOOL OPENS

Good Morning, children. We are here today
(I wish I were a hundred miles away)
To start another year. I know you're glad.
(A year of this is apt to drive me mad.)
And I'm to be your teacher, girls and boys,
(I wish I knew who made that hissing noise.)
Selena, please be quiet. James, sit down!
(I think I'll take the next train out of town.)
Now do be quiet. (Forty mothers' pets —
A teacher surely earns the dough he gets.)
Remember, Alice, you must keep your place.
(If Ronald moves again, I'll slap his face.)
Now, children, answer when I call your names.
No, Mabel, this is not the time for games.
(The other day I met an honest mother;
I know I'll never see another.
'My boy,' she said to me, is simply bad.
He's lazy and he's stupid, like his dad.)
You girls will please remove your coats and hats.
(The teacher should be armed with baseball bats.)
Now, Johnny, can't you find a place to sit?
(Am I a teacher or a hypocrite?)
I know that each of you will do your part.
(A class like this can break a teacher's heart.)
Will someone please repeat the Golden Rule?
(I wish I'd never seen a Normal School.)

—(MICHAEL FORAN IN THE TORONTO DAILY STAR)

Marriage is an institution.
Marriage is love.
Love is blind.
Therefore, marriage is an institution for the blind.

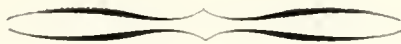
North Bay Teachers' College



FIRST TERM STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Seated—Joan Akehurst (Vice-Pres.), Binnie Hamilton (Sec.), Danny Pozihun (Pres.), Pauline Lacombe (Treas.),
Miss A. Johnson (Staff Advisor).

Standing—Mr. A. B. Reed (Staff Advisor), Bernice Steele, Lucille Dion, Diane Keenan, Edward Roberts, Frances Dumontelle,
Emily Kryzanowski, Kathleen Crozier, Robert Botwright George Hill (Vice-Pres.).



SECOND TERM STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Seated—Marjorie Adams (Treas.), Diane Lockie (Sec.), Vieno Hiekkila (Pres.), Margaret Rose Neill (Vice-Pres.),
Miss A. Johnson (Staff Advisor).

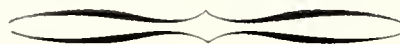
Standing—Mr. A. B. Reed (Staff), Helen Revus, Barbara Keenan, Eileen Montgomery, Barbara Christianson, Rita Gaughan,
Raquel Fluvian, Olive McGill, Margaret Gallagher.

North Bay Teachers' College



RED CROSS EXECUTIVE

Seated—Catherine Cameron (Vice-Pres.), Guy O'Brien (Pres.), Sylvia Wito (Sec.).
 Standing—Lois Short, Mr. J. D. Deyell (Staff Advisor), Peggy Armstrong (Treas.), Stella Kiersta (Prog. Con.), Ona Casey,
 Betty Ann Payne, Betty James, Bernice Katz (Mag. Con.).



ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Seated—Lorraine Donaldchuk, Paula Andersen (Sec.-Treas.), John Komar (Pres.), Miss S. Stanley (Staff Advisor),
 Genevieve Quilty.
 Standing—Norma Protamanni, Donna Hornibrook, Lois Ling, Emily Kryzanowski.

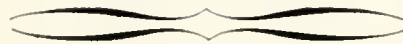
North Bay Teachers' College



INTER-SCHOLASTIC CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Standing—Lillian Smith, Shirley Pearce, Lois Short, Beverly Campbell.

Seated—Maureen West, Helen Johnson, Helen Revus (Pres.), Shirley Taylor, Mr. E. C. Beacom (Staff Advisor).



FILM COUNCIL EXECUTIVE

Catherine Cameron, Maris O'Connor, Shirley Leclair, Eleanor Wharton, Ensio Eskelm (Pres.), Bernice Steele (Sec. Treas.), Mr. J. D. Deyell (Staff Advisor).

North Bay Teachers' College

UNDER THE NORTH STAR

The night is quiet now. The heavens too, are still. Save for a few streaks of light from a falling star, nothing mars its studded deepness. This is my favourite sort of night for my brightness seems to glitter even more. On earth they have called me Polaris but here in heaven I am the "Bright One."

Then, too, at night, I am given the power of speech. While the world is sleeping, I can look down on my companion, the silvered dome on the North Bay Teachers' College.

Through the day, my beauty is forgotten but at night I can learn about the wonderful times that have taken place under that dome.

I remember a tea at the beginning of the year when everyone felt strange and a little out-of-place. But not for long; soon they were all having so much fun finding out everyone's names I felt a little lonely here in space.

They had few boys in the College this past year but, even so, everyone enjoyed themselves. I well recall the Hallowe'en party. That night Mr. Moon came out in all his glory and we gave our coats an extra shine. Oh, it was so exciting to see everyone dressed in all sorts of weird costumes and to go through the ghost-walk!

The girls got their chances to get a man on Sadie Hawkins day. Such laughter and fun I had never seen before! One would think that the vividness of the summer garden had been transferred to the lapels of the young men.

Friday afternoons were special occasions for me for I was always entertained by many sorts of programs, some educational and some in a lighter vein. I have seen Shakespeare enacted and a vivid puppet show. The United Nations and the Red Cross also had a place in college life.

Enthusiasm was overwhelming when it was decided to raise money for the Red Cross during Red Cross Week. Pennies ran from the very bottom stairs right up to the dome.

I think the biggest event was the Christmas dance, when the assembly hall was transformed into a candyland filled with lights and good things to eat. But the brightness of the decorations was dimmed by the brilliant splashes of colours that waltzed around the floor to the soft music of the orchestra.

Christmas holidays came to an end all too soon and everyone came back to school. There was no chance for getting homesick on Fridays because always there was some event at the school—skating parties, tobogganing and just plain friendly get-togethers where some danced and others played games or just talked.

Then there was Drama Club night. What did it matter if a few lines were forgotten? Everyone had the time of their lives. Remember Oliver Twist and poor little Nell? And who could forget the laugh riot of "This Could Happen To You". Even the Dome rocked with laughter that evening and I swear I even detected some make-up on that silvered profile.

All the good times didn't take place at the college, however. There was the "tiring but inspiring" trip to Ottawa. How the students thrilled at seeing their favourite politician in action.

Then at the end of the year with tears in their eyes, the students said farewell at their May Formal.

Now the sun is coming up and I must go to bed. I've been up so many nights the past year I can scarcely keep my one eye open.

Polaris.

MY SECOND HOME

*The voice said, "Yes," so breathlessly,
"I have a room to rent,
For just one girl? Now let me see,
With that I'll be content."*

*"You must come up to see the room,
It's easier to judge.
But you'll like living here with us,
And soon won't want to budge."*

*I did as she had said I should,
And found to my delight,
That bed and dresser, closet too,
Were just exactly right.*

*The first few days passed formally,
And I began to fret.
If things continued on like this,
I would be most upset.*

*But just when all was at its worst,
A chance comment was made.
I picked it up and added some,
I knew I'd made the grade!*

*We live together blissfully,
Just Walter, Prec and Pat,
When T. C. students come along,
There's "Welcome" on the mat.*

—ONA CASEY

CHRISTMAS CANDYLAND

*It might have been the rhythm of the band
That motioned whirling couples to the rooms,
That wove the golden threads like fairy looms.
And ushered all to Christmas Candyland.*

*It might have been those candy men so grand
That lured each prince and princess to the ball,
That guarded every corner of the hall
And added magic to our Candyland.*

*But more than these it was a stronger hand
That knotted all into harmonious blends;
For, above all, the nearness of gay friends
Enticed the laughing throng to Candyland.*

—JUNE M. MURR

"The learned are seldom pretty fellows, and in many cases their appearance tends to discourage a love of study in the young."

"Tis education forms the common mind: Just as the twig is bent the trees inclined."

At Play...



North Bay Teachers' College

THE CLUB HOUSE

FIRST TERM STUDENT'S COUNCIL

It was in October, 1953, that we began our duties. In the first term we arranged for weekly programs at Assembly on Friday. We also saw that "cokes" were available for refreshment at recess.

Our social highlights included a Hallowe'en costume party, a Sadie Hawkins dance, and social gatherings. The most outstanding event was the Formal held on December 18, 1953. With the music of the Northernaires, the students lived for a few magic hours in Toyland.

On behalf of the students, a wreath was placed at the cenotaph on November 11. The sale of Christmas cards, school rings and pins was also handled by this executive.

Under the guidance of Miss Johnson and Mr. Reed, a successful term was completed at the end of January 1954.

SECOND TERM STUDENT'S COUNCIL

The second term Council had its first meeting on Monday, January 25, 1954 and met regularly every Monday. Our duties were social activities, assemblies and the Ottawa tour.

Our social activities included the toboggan party, a carry-over from the old Council, who had to postpone it due to cold weather. We had a Valentine skating party at the Arena, and an Indoor Track Meet, where the broadest smile won the broad jump and the swimming contest consisted of consuming a bowl of water with a spoon. After the Easter holidays there was the Folk Dance party where national costumes were worn and Hindu Ten-Bay Curry was on the menu. The most important event of all, was the May Formal, which we worked on for a long time.

Work on the Council kept us busy, but we certainly enjoyed it and thought it was a wonderful experience.

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

The Athletic Council, consisting of two members from four class groups with the counsel of Miss S. Stanley, planned a considerable number of sport activities in spite of a heavy school schedule.

In Volley Ball, Team 4A, under the leadership of Danny Pozihun, walked away with the golden cup. A trophy and crests were presented to the winning Team 5, under the captain, Ed Roberts, in our Bowling League. King Ping and Queen Pong were also crowned. To supplement our year activities, badminton was initiated.

The activities instituted above allowed nearly all the students to participate at one time or another in some activity. These may serve as an incentive for our sports program next year, but with activities suitable for the children's level.

JUNIOR RED CROSS 1953-1954

The executive of the College's "Thumbs Up Branch", guided by Mr. Deyell, staff advisor, began their activities with an explanation to the students of the purposes and duties of Junior Red Cross in the classroom. A most successful year was attained with the co-operation and support of the student body through such events as the Red Line Campaign, Red Cross Week, Miss Red Cross Campaign (winner Miss Binnie Hamilton), the Red Cross Dance and a demonstration of a Red Cross meeting by Grade Eight, Worthington Street School. Highlight and climax of the year was a donation of thirty dollars to the Handicapped and Crippled Children's Fund of the Red Cross Society.

The executive of the "Thumbs Up Branch" extends to the student teachers their wishes for success and for the advancement of Red Cross work in their classrooms in the future.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

"To Know Christ, and to Make Him Known."

Every Monday noon we met for the Bible study, discussion and prayer. Joan Frewing, district supervisor, organized the group in the fall and attended meetings whenever she was in town. Evelyn Taylor, sponsor, was there each meeting with help and inspiration.

We studied a book entitled "Basic Christianity" and had some excellent discussions on such topics as "What is Sin?" and "What does it mean to believe?" For further inspiration we had speakers. Mrs. Wallace with the aid of a film strip, compared our lives as teachers to Christ's. Then Miss Taylor spoke on "The Three Daughters of Grace." Joan Frewing pointed out the message of Easter in Isaiah.

Twice during the year we had "Fireside" — first at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vindon and then at Maylon's. What a marvelous time for a message, fellowship, fun and food (of course).

An inspiration, a guide and a goal is Paul's plea. "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him."

FILM GROUP

Early in the fall, a film group was organized by Mr. Deyell. Our work during the year has included several film nights for all the students. Programmes included films on child study, history, nature, travel and discussion about the films. Some members of the film group have also been given training in film projection.

We, of the film group, would like to say a sincere thank-you to the students for their co-operation in attending our film nights and to Mr. Deyell for his work with the group.

W H Y . . . ?



1953



1954

North Bay Teachers' College

Valedictory Address

Mr. Beacom, Members of the Staff and Fellow Students:

We are gathered together to-day for the last assembly in this our year at Teachers' College. The time has come for farewells, and yet, it seems so short a time since we were welcomed here to our first assembly. But many things have happened since then and, even if at times we didn't want to admit it, we have fond memories of life here. Memories of people we met and enjoyed, of places we went and of things we saw, will stay with us many a day. There will also be memories of the lesson, real and meaningful, in tolerance, that we learned from associations with our class-mates. All these, spiced with a few sharp memories of disappointments, serve to remind us of a year the like of which we have never before seen. It has been a year in which we have seen a new meaning to life, because we have had a definite goal for which to aim. And we have seen our goal come closer and closer to realization.

Now at the end of our training we have, as the popular song says, "Mixed Emotions." Each one of us, deep down inside, knows that, in his own way, he has a contribution to make to the profession and to society. We are all a bit eager to get out on our own, try our wings, and make our contribution to the profession — our profession. And yet, after only one short year of training, in a way we feel inadequate in comparison to the task which lies before us. I have found a poem which expresses this feeling:

*Lord, who am I to teach the way
To little children day by day,
So prone myself to go astray?
I teach them knowledge, but I know
How faint they flicker and how low
The candles of my knowledge glow.
I teach them power to will and do
But only now to learn anew
My own great weakness through and through.
I teach them love for all mankind
And all God's creatures; but I find
My love comes lagging far behind.
Lord, if their guide I still must be,
Oh, let the little children see
The teacher leaning hard on Thee!*

—BY LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL

One's circle of friends is like the ripple around a pebble that has been dropped into the sea. One circle is ever widening and entwining with other circles until all the ripples from all the pebbles entwine and unite into the infinite waves of the sea. Our circle of friendships this year has widened greatly. We will not soon forget our classmates whose friendship and comradeship has meant much when we were in a gay mood, or when we felt discouraged. Nor will we forget our Masters, without whose understanding and constant help we could not have achieved our measure of success. To our Masters we say a word of admiration for your patience and fortitude, and for your interest in us,—a very sincere "Thank you."

A valedictory address according to the dictionary meaning is a farewell speech. With this in mind, I should like to close by expressing the sincere hope and faith that each one of you will fare well in all your ventures and adventures of life.

Au revoir.

BERNICE STEELE

North Bay Teachers' College

PRAYER

*They come from near and far
(Our country's vast and wide)
Young faces, bright, upturned,
— Fixed upon their star
With hope.*

*Their fathers from strange lands,
Exotic homes they knew,
Yet now, in common need,
They, as one, join hands
To learn.*

*To-morrow, theirs the earth,
The future, fragile shell,
To hold within their grasp;
(But they must prove their worth
To-day.)*

*They hope for peace of mind
And soul, and spirit with
Their fellow mortal man,
Yet, tell me, will they find
Their peace?*

*This earth is old and worn
With hate and war and strife,
Yet youth holds in its hand
The key to peace and it
Must mold for those unborn
A life.*

*O Thou Who made us,
Give to them
A piece, a mere reflection,
Of Thine Infinite Wisdom,
That they with hands now joined,
May join the hands of all the World
In peace.*

—JOAN EWING

"Now Maggie," the Great Lady said, "remember that when the Duchess arrives you must say Grace."

The moment arrived. Maggie hurried to the door, opened it and then intoned, "May the Lord make us truly thankful for what we are about to receive."

"And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche"
Chaucer.

Fond parent to Johnny on his return from Sunday school: Well, son, what did you learn today?

Johnny: We learned the verse, "Don't worry, I'll send you the quilt."

Further inquiry on the parent's part disclosed the fact that the verse had been, "Be not dismayed, I will send you the Comforter."

CANADA AND I

The crowd presses me against the rail. I try to push back, but in vain. I am one of the more fortunate, though, to be in such an advantageous position. My eyes search the crowd of people teeming on the wharf in front of me. They search for Veronica and the little ones, Franz and Sigi. Will this be the last time I shall see them? How empty I feel! Perhaps they too will be on the boat bound for Canada sometime in the future. First, I must go and find a new way of life. Canada! What an unusual name! Can it be as wonderful as brother Hans described in his letters? Canada! The mere name fills my heart with an indescribable desire. There! there they are! My how sad and thin Veronica looks — and the little ones! I must write often to "mein lieblich" when I am in Canada. The boat is moving. The emptiness inside becomes intense. Goodbye, goodbye my darlings. God bless you and keep you!

Will these endless miles of water never bring me to land? I am being impatient. I must learn to take things as they come. What will the people be like? Will they like me? Hans wrote such wonderful letters. It must be a paradise. "Canada, Canada, Canada!" my heart sings. Oh, hurry slow ship!

Canada at last! Another crowded wharf meets my eyes. Again my eyes search the crowd, but there are no loving eyes looking up this time. A last goodbye to my friends on the boat. For most of them the journey ends here. For me? Well, that is to be seen. Passport, passport, now where did I put it? Ah, here it is. This gentleman does not seem to be friendly. I suppose he sees many like me. He smiles. I may go on. A smile is the same in any language, but it is just as well I learned some English on the boat. Say "Thank you" in English. Now pass on.

The people at the Employment Bureau are very kind. I am to go to Northern Ontario where I will find work, perhaps in the mines, perhaps in the timber yards.

This train carries me through many miles of beautiful country, so verdant and so alive. How different from the desolate ruins back in Germany! I wonder what Veronica is doing now? Oh, how I wish she and the little ones were here! I must be firm. Across from me is seated one I saw on the boat. Do you speak German? "Goot" — a companion at last! The trip will not seem too long now.

My first day at work. Many men work with me in our underground tunnel. There are some like me who are just feeling their way in this strange country, which truly is a land of opportunity. There are many good schools for the boys to attend. Even I shall attend school, night classes in English. To think that my native town was once a thriving community such as this! Then came the War. But, enough of that! Soon all will be well again.

I am settled at last. I have found a little house and have paid much on it. There are some foolish ones, though, who spend much on drink and pleasure. It is best not to waste after waiting for such a long time. It may be a year before "mien lieblich" and the little ones come over, but I shall be ready. I thank God for bringing me to this golden land!

—HELEN GROOM

North Bay Teachers' College

CITIZEN ?

The full moon hung brightly in the velvet sky. It silvered the snow-clad hills and tipped with diamond the silent, snow-shrouded pines. Far up in the endless heavens swept the ever-changing northern lights, a continuous, majestic pattern of colour.

A man stood looking at the lights, a man whose back was bent with toil and age. Vladimir Amdrusky looked deep into those flickering depths and there it seemed that, as on a vari-coloured screen, he could see his life reflected.

Vladimir Amdrusky was an old man now — his life was nearly over. He had lived long and he should have been content to die. And yet, as he looked at the lovely heavens, a bitterness arose within his soul, a bitterness and an overwhelming awareness of the futility of his life.

Up from the fetters of the past rose memories of the Ukraine, the land where he was born. He saw again the winding lane leading to the little whitewashed cottage clothed in blooming fruit trees. How he had loved life then; the hot days in the steppes with the sun beating upon his shoulders, the cool shade of the orchard, the simple church on Sunday, the singing and dancing in the soft glow of twilight! Young as he was, he had drunk deeply of its beauty and vowed that he would never leave it. As he grew older he saw the poverty and oppression of his people, but he still loved life, and determined to do all in his power to make it easier for the people who lived in this beloved land. University brought him into contact with a big city, big people, and big ideas. Along with many others he grasped the new Ideal, that of common ownership for the benefit of all. He had been young then, and the Ideal sounded so effective

Then the war broke out, and all his plans were shattered. Dragged against his will into an army he had always opposed, he found himself fighting against those whom he should have been fighting with, and his belief in the Ideal collapsed. Two years later he found himself in a prison camp and within six months he was faced with the alternative of staying in prison, or leaving the land he loved. He decided on the latter, firm in the conviction that someday soon he would return and help rebuild his war-torn homeland.

With this in mind, then, he had gazed for the first time upon his future home — that vast expanse of icy wilderness they called Northern Ontario. He still loved life, and he still had hope, for would he not someday return to his Ukraine? His first contact with the new land was in a city not unlike the one at which he attended university.

Here he received his first awakening. He had entered the city with the thought of obtaining a position worthy of his education, but it seemed that his education was of no avail. "No," they said, "Your language is of no use to us and you do not know ours well enough. Go to work in the lumber camps." So he went. His years in the steppes now stood him in good stead, and he soon became quite accustomed to the fact that his education which was valued at home, was of so little use to him here. In time he learned the language and the customs, and married a girl from his homeland. Together they planned and saved in hope of returning.

Then came the second awakening, the depression years, years of hard work for small wages, years which blessed him with children, and years which drained his youth and strength. Now, with a family to care for, and nothing save his bare hands to do it with, the thought of his country receded a little. He became more concerned with perpetuating the customs for his homeland in this country so that his children could grow up in an environment as much like his as possible. His spare time was devoted to teaching the language and customs to the new generations and his children and his neighbours, children grew up with a knowledge of two languages and a love of songs and dances, the ancient celebrations and the beautiful arts and crafts of their father's land.

As his children grew older, there came the third and most shocking awakening. For although these children loved their father's customs, their love for the land was not so binding as his, and they had no wish to return. "Our place is here," they said. "Your country we have never seen." It was true, he realized, but the thought had been a knife thrust in his soul. For now he knew how his life must be, and now all hope died within him. He must live on in obscurity, his ideals and resolves forever smothered. He must continue his lowly work in factories and lumber yards while the knowledge within him rotted and died, and, faraway, his homeland writhed beneath the tyrant's hand.

His children were married now and lived with their own children in their own homes. They still loved and respect the customs of their father's land, but for the land itself they cared little. And that land,—what of it? It was now but a name attached to an insignificant state, one among the many under the tyrant's hand. The land was too weak and the tyrant too strong. The uprisings were few and quickly quelled. His children and his children's children were living in the new land and becoming a part of it. They were perfectly content. And he, Vladimir, was old, and his life was nearly over

The flickering lights suddenly died in the northern sky and the night was black. Far away amid the silent snow-shrouded pines came the lonely cry of the wolf.

—SONJA SAPLYWY

North Bay Teachers' College

THE BOY WHO LEARNED TO YODEL

There was once a little Swiss boy named Freidel who had been living in Northern Ontario for only one week. He had made friends with David who admired him because Freidel could yodel so loudly and clearly.

"I've tried and tried to yodel like you," complained David one day. "I just cannot do it."

"Well," said Freidel, "almost everyone in Switzerland can yodel. But there was a time when I could not. Would you like to hear the story about how I learned to yodel?"

Eagerly, David sat up to listen. He loved stories and wanted very much to learn how Freidel became such a good yodeller.

This was the story he heard.

When he was just seven years old, Freidel's father died and he had to go to the mountains to work for a cruel old man. With the few pennies he earned, Freidel and his mother managed to eat once a day.

One black and stormy night his master said crossly, "Freidel, go up to my cabin in the mountains and fetch my pipe. Go quickly."

The night was very dark and gloomy. Freidel was going to have to stay in the cabin all night by himself. However, his father had taught him to be obedient, and frightened as he was, he started on his way. By the time he reached the hut, his clothes were drenched from the rain and the lightning flashed across the sky.

Quickly Freidel entered the dingy cabin. "I shall bolt the door and lock the shutters," he thought. When he had done this, he crawled into the old bed, shut his eyes and drifted into a troubled sleep.

Suddenly he awoke and looking up was terrified to see a huge old giant standing at the foot of his bed.

"Hello, Freidel!" The giant spoke softly but Freidel, not daring to look, hid his head under the blanket.

"Do not be afraid. I shall not hurt you." The giant spoke very kindly and Freidel timidly poked out his head from under the ragged blanket.

A long blue robe and shaggy white beard confronted Freidel as he peered through the dimness at the kindly giant.

"You are a good boy, Freidel. You have worked hard yet were beaten by your cruel master. Tell me what you would like more than anything else in the world."

Now Freidel had never told anyone how he had practised so hard and still could not yodel. So without hesitation he said, "I should like to be able to yodel."

"Then yodel you shall," said the giant. "Tomorrow morning when you awaken, you shall be able to yodel more loudly and clearly than any other little boy in Switzerland." With these words, the giant disappeared.

Upon awakening next morning, Freidel wondered if he had been dreaming. The door was still bolted and the shutters locked.

"Yes," thought he, "it must have been a dream."

Outside the sun shone brightly. The air smelled sweet. As he made his way down the narrow path, Freidel felt very happy. Suddenly he yodelled loudly and clearly. In the distance a mountain herdsman yodelled a reply. Freidel yodelled again and again — happy to be alive and working, even for his cruel master.

Having arrived at his master's home, he heard a harsh voice.

"Where did you learn to yodel like that?"

Freidel told his story.

"Ah!" exclaimed his master, "I must go up to my mountain cabin. I left my cap there. Do not expect me home tonight."

Freidel knew that his master had not left his cap at the cabin, but he said nothing. He wondered what gift the giant would bestow upon the cross old man.

That night, a snow storm raged in the hills. Freidel's master had not returned and no one could get through the deep snow to look for him. To earn a little money meanwhile, Freidel yodelled sweet melodies for the village people and they gave him a penny, sometimes two, for each song.

When the snow melted and the ice thawed, a group of men went up to the old cabin in the mountains. They found only a pair of boots which had belonged to Freidel's cruel master. He himself, was nowhere to be found.

"Perhaps," said the villagers, "the giant punished him for beating little Freidel and making him work so hard all day and night."

At last Freidel earned enough money by yodelling, to come to northern Ontario with his dear mother.

"And so, here I am," he said to his new friend David. "That is how I learned to yodel like this."

"That was a wonderful story, Freidel. But I know that the giant would not come away across the ocean to give me the gift of yodelling. Do you think you could teach me?"

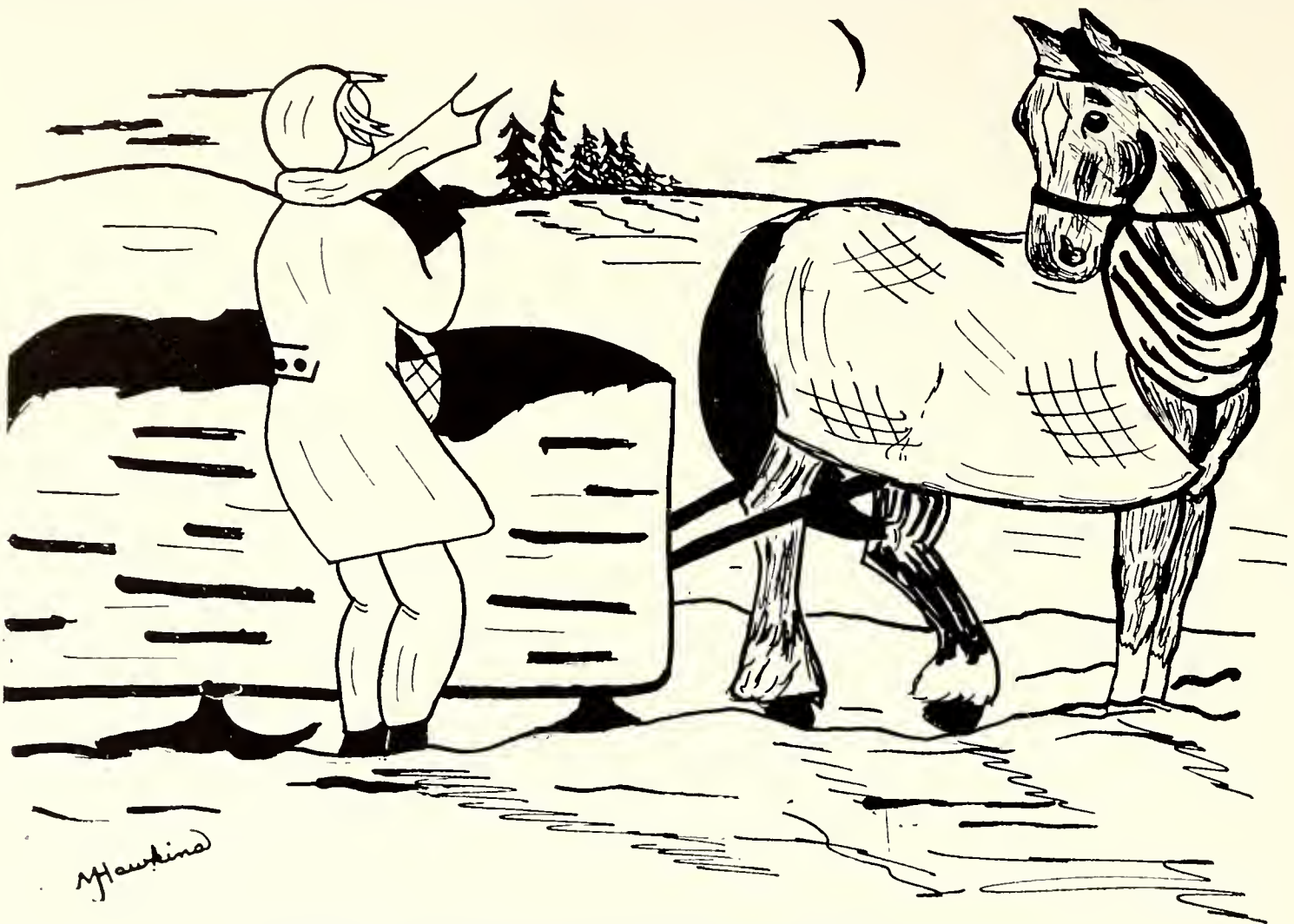
"I'll try," Freidel replied.

And so, each day, folks heard Freidel and David in the little woods behind the house practising "Yodell-a-dee!" over and over again.

Do you think David finally learned to yodel? Well, if he continued being a good boy like he was then, I'm sure he did.

—DINAH LANGILLE

North Bay Teachers' College



SIGNA COMES TO NORTHERN ONTARIO

Two large, curious, blue eyes peeped cautiously over the window ledge of the jolting passenger car and gazed with rapture at the still, sparkling, northern evening which stretched invitingly before them. Signa was so captured by its vastness and the curious thoughts of her new home that she didn't hear the warning shriek of the powerful engine or feel the train jerk to a standstill.

"Come along little Miss Signa. Your new Mama and Papa will be waiting for you. Come along now, don't be frightened."

Signa looked up into the conductor's friendly face and smiled. He would look after her, — he would see that her new parents would be kind. Hadn't he helped her get settled when she first got on the train? Hadn't he showed her to the dining-car and given her an extra scoop of ice cream on her apple pie?

Quickly she tucked her flaxen braids under her bonnet, fastened her coat, and gathered up her neat little basket and the huge Bible Nana had given her before she left Norway.

Out in the twinkling blue night, Signa felt strange and afraid. What would her new parents think when they found out she couldn't speak their language? Nana had taught her to say "thank you" but that was all Signa knew.

Perhaps they would send her back, — then what would she do? Tears came to her eyes, and one rolled right to the very tip of her nose. She was very much worried.

"Look, Missy! There he is!"

"There he is — your new papa!" Signa felt the excitement of her new friend and turned her eyes in the direction he was pointing. Up the snowbound platform strode a giant of a man. His fur jacket was done up tightly around his glowing face, and great puffs of white vapor trailed behind him from beneath his frosted mustache. His smile warmed the air around them, and Signa realized that this was to be her new Papa.

She remembered what Nana had taught her about Canadians, and immediately put out her right hand toward the stranger. Instead of shaking hands with her, he whisked her into the air, basket and all, and wrapped a furry robe cozily around her. Signa felt warm and happy in the arms of her new Papa as she waved goodbye to her dear friend the conductor, but what she wanted more than anything else in the world was to say goodbye to him in his own language.

As they rounded the corner of the station, a friendly whinny greeted them. There stood a horse and cutter complete with bells! The mare arched her neck and looked back at the new-comer with inquisitive brown eyes. She stretched her soft velvet nose towards the tiny figure, but Signa jumped back in alarm. In gentle tones, her new Papa explained how harmless Queenie was, and although Signa couldn't understand his words, she felt secure and ventured a hesitant pat on the powerful creature's foreleg.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39)

North Bay Teachers' College

AN UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

She became a legend of the north, this exiled Russian princess. A more bizarre person would be hard to find. She was extremely thoughtful, kind and generous. She was friend and helper to all. Many times did she bring to her boarding-house people less fortunate than herself. Countless were the meals she served with no thanks except the grateful smile of those she fed. One person became a frequent sight at her boarding-house. He had been roughly thrown from the train some months before. She had taken him under her wing and fed and sheltered him. It was also a popular belief that she had grubstaked him. When fate smiled more kindly upon him, he was one of the few who remembered her kindness and generosity.

As the gold mines were discovered one by one, the collection of shacks became a settlement and, eventually, a town. She gave up her boarding-house but she did not go into obscurity. Every man, woman, and child knew her. She never quite mastered the English language and because of this she didn't make friends so easily, as the town grew. I said she was bizarre and her appearance proved it. She was small in stature, but wiry. From my earliest recollection of her she had a deeply wrinkled face. Her eyes were a piercing blue. They shifted back and forth. Nothing escaped her notice. She wore numerous skirts of varying lengths, materials, and colors,—layer upon layer of them. On her feet she wore boots, many sizes too large. She shuffled along, never lifting the too-large boots completely off the sidewalk. Her approach was always heralded by a menagerie of whining, barking, growling dogs.

On inspection, and it didn't need to be too close, it was plain to see she had a distaste for soap and water. This was probably the main reason for the townspeople forbidding their children to become too friendly with her; and for the scurrying which took place to lock doors and draw blinds when she was in the neighbourhood. Her approach produced different effects on groups of children. "Here she comes. Let's follow her." "Let's tease the dogs." "Don't let her reach you with that stick!" Others ran away frightened.

We lived on the outskirts of town and my mother never quite had the heart to turn her away after her long walk. So annually, and sometimes more often, we had a visit from her and her dogs. Wherever she went, they went. My mother read tea-cups, strictly for amusement, but this old lady sincerely believed every word.

"You tell me what to do with my stocks," she would ask. "Tell me about my son." These were her favourite questions. She was confident that mother could solve her problems by her reading. Sometimes she would try to tell us of her life. We learned that her son was a doctor in the United States. He was ashamed of her appearance and was afraid she would ruin him socially so he didn't bother with her. Her husband had died shortly after their escape from Russia. Because of her broken English we missed much that she told us, but I always felt her life story would make interesting and exciting reading. We always reserved a cup for her but that wasn't so easy to do with chairs and such. After she left we spent a busy half-hour airing out the kitchen and all parts of the house where her dogs had roamed. For all the boiling that that cup took, it was amazing it lasted so long!

She was a constant source of mystery to the people. Her home was a shack. She shared her living quarters with her dogs and some chickens. At different times it was reported that she kept a cow. This, of course, was never proven. No health or sanitary inspector could get near enough to voice a complaint. She was a law unto herself! Her many visits to the local banks were the bases for discussions and veen "bets". Her source of income and her amount of capital provided conversation in the best of homes.

Her loyalty to the throne was unequalled. Never was there a parade in the community that she didn't lead! Every step of the way she carried a heavy, gold-framed portrait of the King and Queen. She sent many tokens to the little Princesses, all of which were graciously acknowledged. Her patriotism carried her a little beyond normal bounds when she employed labourers to construct an air-raid shelter. On either side of the shelter she had hung pictures of the King and Queen. It was a sad day for her when the shelter caved in.

News of her illness left mingled feelings in its wake. Her doctor son from New York flew to her beside bringing with him a special nurse. He installed her in a suite of rooms in the best hotel, amid many protestations. In open rebellion, at her first opportunity, sick as she was, she marched home to her old shack in her nightdress! She spent her last days happily, where she had spent the greater part of her life.

There were no family mourners, but people, remembering her kindness, came from far and near. Many were the floral tributes. I hope that somehow she knew about the procession and the tributes and found room in her heart to forgive those who had shunned her.

She is truly a legend of the north!

—ONA CASEY

Signa Comes To Northern Ontario

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

"Hello Signa"! — At the sound of such a tender voice, Signa turned toward the sleigh, and there sat the most beautiful woman she had ever seen! Just like the fairy princess her Nana had told her about; just as she had always pictured her own mother! A longing smile flashed over Signa's face and in a moment she was snuggled under the friendly comforting robes listening to the creak of the runners on the hard snow, and the bright jingle of Queenie's new bells as they rang out across the frosty stillness. As the first strains of a northern lullaby caressed her ears, she felt sure that the conductor had made a wise choice and her heart leapt with excitement as she whispered "Thank you" to her new mother.

From the station, the friendly conductor watched the sleigh race into the starry night, and as he waved, he felt confident that a loving and exciting future lay ahead for little Signa of Norway.

—MARILYNNE HAWKINS

North Bay Teachers' College

ON TO CANADA !

Many years ago, a tribe of Indians, the Potawatami, lived contentedly in what is now Minnesota and Wisconsin. They were a happy people and desired nothing more than to live in peace. Suddenly, a group of American men approached them. When the interpreter stated the mission, the chief spoke, "My brothers, the Americans demand that we leave our land, and go south to the Mississippi where they have land for us." The people responded as before, "We do not want to go. We are happy here." One brave spoke, "I will not go, for I've heard that the great river floods over, and it is too warm down there." Another added, "There are snakes with legs that eat people; the flies are as big as birds." A general hum of voices was heard through the crowd, "Our people cannot live there. We are staying right here." To this, the officers replied, "If you will not come, then our soldiers will take you. We shall leave at sunrise in two days."

After they had departed, one elderly man said, "I am running away. Have you ever heard that our Indian friends in Canada have a large island, all their own? I am sure they will welcome us" One by one the others answered, "I, too, will run away."

Two days later a huge party was well on the way through the forest. It would be a tremendous journey to Detroit, where they would cross the border and travel north to the great Manitoulin. Those who owned huge canoes, were already miles down Lake Superior. They sang songs and were happy, for the island would soon be reached.

Towards evening, instead of the expected calm, the water became extremely rough. A message, "Camp here for the night!" rang out through the train of canoes. Then the panic-stricken voyagers realized they were hopelessly caught in the midst of a violent storm. There was no place for shelter, for high steep rocks dipped directly into the foaming waters. Cries of agony sounded through the night as hundreds of men, women and children perished in the greatest disaster of their history.

Weeks later, a young man, the sole survivor, came upon a settlement, around Michilimackinac.

"Where are the others?" he asked, as he recognized a friend.

"They went on," the latter answered, "They want to find the Manitoulin, but some of us stayed here because these people are friendly."

"The young brave replied, "I want to find this island, too."

Months of hard journeying followed. At each village he came upon, he inquired about his friends. At last, Detroit was reached and here the lonely traveller found more of his fellow tribesmen, happily settled.

"Why don't you stay here with us?" one asked. "The land is rich and our fellow Indians are wealthy here."

"No," replied the first, "I want to find the island which was given to the Ojibways."

Following his instructions he soon came upon another reservation at Cape Croker.

"You are almost there," the chief informed him, "Your friends passed by many moons ago."

It was only a matter of days, before he came upon the last fragment of the party, on a reservation on the east end of the Manitoulin Island.

"You are welcome here," the chief said, for we need more people for the land. Your friends are happy here. They have their own homes already."

A great welcome was then prepared for the only survivor of the attempted canoe voyage.

Their descendants today, are found on the same reservation on the Manitoulin Island.

—YVONNE TRUDEAU

WHAT I LONG TO HEAR

*Not the rush and the tread
Of crowds in a city street,
But the tall trees darkening overhead
And the soft sand under feet.
Not the roar of the throng
Where the shining windows gleam,
But a croaking frog in his even song
And a murmuring lazy stream.
Not the dust and the cry
Of the hot streets paved with stone
But white hill-mists and the quiet sigh
Of the wind in the trees at home.*

—ROBERTA POLLOCK

THE STREET

*Along the straight and narrow street
Run drying streams of melting snow,
And rickshaws that run to meet it
Sparkle in the sunset glow.
The starlings with their voices sing
And all the earth is warm with Spring.
Then overnight the street transformed
Into a snowbound maze of white,
The fury broke from out the skies
And spread throughout the stormy night.
The cold wind froze the streams of ice,
The whip's lash stung the starling's wing,
The whole street lay in deathly vice
As Winter clutched the struggling Spring.*

—BETTY ANN PAYNE

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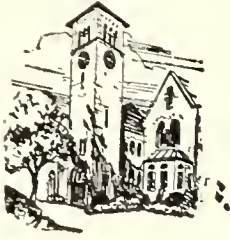
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Ed (to Miss Martin): Can you ever be punished for something you didn't do?

Miss Martin: No.

Ed: I didn't do my homework.

Ona: Why is a man like a worm?

Fran: I don't know, why?

Ona: He comes out, wiggles around, and then some chicken grabs him.

Mother: What did you get in your Composition exam, Danny?

Danny: I got zero.

Mother: How in the world did you get such a low mark?

Danny: Well the first question said, "Write a friendly letter to your cousin in New Zealand", and I haven't got a cousin there so I quit right away.

During health class while talking about dairy products which build up the teeth, the student teacher asked: What goes with cheese? Tommy immediately answered: Crackers!

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"Whoso neglects learning in his youth loses the past and is dead for the future."

"A teacher who can arouse a feeling for one single good action, for one single good poem, accomplishes more than he who fills our memory with rows on rows of natural objects, classified with the name and form."

"A professor can never better distinguish himself in his work than by encouraging a clever pupil, for the true discoverers are among them, as comets amongst the stars."

"The love of learning, the sequestered nooks, And all the sweet serenity of books."

"Education relations make the strongest tile."

"Learn to live and live to learn,
Ignorance like a fire doth burn,
Little tasks make large return."

Beverly: "Today, class, we're going to learn about fossils." Class turns to look at teacher at back of room.

Beverly: "No, not that kind."

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Murray: Started off glibly enough but about half way through he began to falter.
Mrs. Irwin: "Come, come, I could name them all easily when I was your age."
Murray: "Sure you could, there were only thirteen then."

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Now is the Hour
Drake Goes West
Long long Ago
Beyond the Sunset
While the British Bulldog was Watching at the
Door
Oh dear What can the Matter Be?
I've Forgot More than You'll Ever Know About
Him.
I'm Standin' in the need of Prayer
This World Can't Stand Long
My Foolish Heart
Hush! Somebody's Calling My Name
What Did He Say?

Master

Throw it out the Window and
Hang your Head in Shame.

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Joan: "What do you mean under water?"
George "Below C level."

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Mr. Deyell: "Should be easy."

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